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 Deming Lodge No. 15 F. & A. M.
 Deming Chapter No. 5 F. & A. M.
 Deming Council No. 1 F. & A. M.

CHURCH SERVICES.
 Methodist Church, Sunday school 10 a. m., preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Episcopal Church, Sunday school 10 a. m., preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
 Local Time.
 No. 723 arrives from the east at 11:45 a. m., departs for Silver City 12:10 p. m.

TOM AND KITTY.
 When two white cats are scratched with shade,
 Their pale blue bodies breathe hard,
 Their eyes are wide open and stare,
 Their tails are straight and stand apart.

THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.
 "The Board of Green Cloth" was a board connected with the royal household of England, having power to correct offenders within the verge of the palace and 200 yards beyond the gates.

Importance of the Newbery.
 A great Philadelphia editor was standing in front of his office one day when a ragged little newsboy impudently asked him to buy a paper.

Handicapped.
 Calico—I see Brown has invented a new law for the deaf trade called the "Tamp." It "counts the time," you know!

Crimes and Editors.
 "I don't understand why I'm less clever than Charles."
 "Of course not. If you weren't less clever you would understand."—Philadelphia Press.

WILLIAMSON WAS SURPRISED.

Not because he killed two bears, but because of a subsequent discovery.
 "I have had a good many surprises from bears in my time," said Conrad Williamson, of Union, Pa., "but I was never quite so much surprised as I was in a little experience I had in Clinton county. I went to the Pine creek country to look after some lumber interests, and, as is my invariable custom if I am there during the trout season, I started in one day to have some enjoyment on a branch of Pine creek. I had fished perhaps half a mile when I was not a little startled, because I wasn't expecting such a sight just then, to see a big bear come coolly out of the woods on the opposite side of the creek, stop in the water, and, giving me a contemptuous sort of look, start to wade diagonally across the stream, heading for a point not more than 100 feet above where I was standing, in open mouthed astonishment.

"As soon as I recovered from my surprise the impudence of the bear made me mad. It was just as if the cheeky animal had looked me over and said:
 "I guess I won't let any such looking chap as you turn me out of my corner!"

"I had a revolver in my pocket. I pulled it out and began peeping away at the bear as it stooped slowly along toward the point it had started for. Out of the six shots the pistol held I put five of them in the big mark, because every time one struck him he gave a start and a sharp squeal or snort. All the effect the bullets seemed to have on him, though, was to hurry up his pace. He reached the bank and climbed out. He stopped and looked savagely at me, and growled in a manner that made me think that I was about to have a little more business on my hands than pulling trout out of the water, but he thought better of it and went on his way, disappearing shortly in the woods.

"If I had had any more cartridges with me I would have been foot enough to follow the bear and get myself in trouble. I was too much worked up, as it was, to let the impudent old pig steal my way if I could help, and I dropped my rod right there and hurried up to the lumber camp and got a rifle and plenty of ammunition. It was my belief that the bear was heading for a swamp a mile or so up the creek, and I made a short cut for the same place. I reached the edge of the swamp, and, seeing no sign of the bear, concluded that I had got there ahead of him. I was preparing to take a position and wait for him when I heard a grunt to the right, and there, with nothing but his head to be seen above the surface of a deep mud hole, was the bear. He raised his head a little higher, and my aim was so good that I found I had put myself to the necessity of tugging the bear out of the mud hole or leaving him in it, for he sank in the mud as dead as a stone.

"I walked up to make a survey of the big beast and his muddy grave. I stood trying to plan a way to raise him without going for help, when I heard a movement in the brush at the roadside, and looking up saw the head of another big bear, which was peering out at me with a very evil expression on his face. He was on top of a bank, ten feet above the road. The bear did not move, but stood there staring at me fiercely. I didn't like the look, and sent a bullet between the bear's eyes. He came tumbling down the bank like a log down a railway, and lay in the road apparently as dead as the bear in the mudhole; but while I stood looking at him he got up and started for me on his hind feet. My rifle was empty. I backed away, putting in a cartridge as I retreated. But I didn't have to use it. The bear only took three or four steps, but he made the woods howl while he was taking them. Then he fell backward, flat on his back, and that was the end of him.

"Having two bears I was forced to give up the idea of getting into camp. When we got them there and dressed them I had the luck of surprise. I spoke about. The first one I killed, the one in the mudhole, which I supposed was the bear I had seen in the creek and put the five pistol balls in, had only one bullet in him, and that was in his brain. The one that I shot on the bank, and regarded merely as an interloper, was really the bear I was after. It had a rifle ball hole between its eyes and five pistol balls distributed about in its right side, the one which was toward me in the creek. Of course I was sorry for the other bear, because I had no grudge against him whatever. But it was too late to help the matter then.—New York Sun.

A Splendid Dresser.
 A curious machine for cleaning out the Sacramento river and various bars is about to be constructed at San Francisco. The machine is not a dredger, but a great submarine plow, which simply cleans the channel as it runs. It is propelled by three engines of tin combined power of 54 horses, and while going at the rate of 12 miles or more an hour scoops out a space 8 feet deep and forty feet wide. The debris is shoved on either side so that instead of the banks being weakened they are strengthened.—New Orleans Picayune.

One Need Have but Few Friends.
 To exchange calls and dinner invitations; to be members of the same club or the same church; or to have visitors in common regarding the Wagner opera and Isen drama is by no means friendship; although many relations even more superficial than these are quarrels under that name. There are plenty of people fitted out with a relay of substantial qualities and pleasing attributes, who fill well the place of that extensive outer court of acquaintances. Society requires, for its cohesion, polite conformity, cultivated taste and powers of selection and self control. Of friends, in any genuine sense, one can have but few. Even one is too much to make life beautiful and redemptive from materialism. And even one is more than perhaps the majority of people possess, although they who least know the higher possibilities of friendship would be the first to deny this assertion. That life is rich which holds one perfect friendship, in which mutual sympathy is almost mutual clairvoyance, and in which sacrifice would be a personal luxury, if done for the good of one another.—London Saturday Review.

A Waste of Land.
 Fifty years ago military men clung to the belief that nothing but an ounce ball would do for an army musket. It is only within five years that they have come to see that if the ball does not hit it is wasted. If it does hit it kills no sooner than a bullet from a revolver. All the new arms now call for bullets no larger than a hunter's.—Detroit Free Press.

CREDIT BROKERS.

Markets Through Whom a Man Can Get Anything on Trust.
 "A what?"
 "A credit broker. Didn't you ever hear of a credit broker? Well, it is a new business, to be sure, this credit brokerage, but it is an active one."

An upturn business man adjusted his eyeglasses to read a little card he held in his hand and proceeded to disclose to a reporter some of the mysteries of this new trade.
 "Lots of folks, you know," he continued, "haven't much money." The reporter agreed that there might be some people in this condition.

"The absence of a large income does not relieve them from the desire to live comfortably and keep up a good appearance on a small salary. They have to go in debt or buy things on the installment plan. Some people are not well enough known to get credit from the regular old established firms. It is to the relief of such people the credit broker comes. If you want a suit of clothes, made to order or 'hand us down,' he will send you to a first class place where you can present his card and get what you want without further question, though the merchant may never have seen you before. He will then give you an order to some furniture dealer, if you want, and you can have your house furnished and fitted out on the same terms. Or with his indorsement you can have your children fitted with new store clothes and you can get shoes for yourself, your wife and all the little ones without any ready money. You can get a watch and seal ring for yourself and earnings for your wife. If you are a carpenter or workman of any sort you can get tools in the same simple way. In short, you can get anything you want. You can even get your teeth filled, or an aching molar dislocated. You can be fitted out with a new suit of clothes, a beaver hat and cane, shoes, studs, a watch and chain and all the other jewelry necessary to the complete outfit of a gentleman, besides fresh tie, clean collar and cuffs, stiff 'billed' shirt and enough at home for a change—you can get all these things on credit, though your face and name are not known to a merchant in town, if you have an order from the credit broker.

"The business is started in this way. A man who has enough means to make his credit good with merchants has a large circle of friends whom he knows to be honest and reliable, but who have no credit with merchants, not being known. With this to start on he decides to become a credit broker. He gets up a list of reputable merchants in various lines and makes an arrangement with them under which they are to give credit to any one presenting an order from him and are to pay him a commission on the trade, he being responsible for the debt. He then gives orders to his friends and acquaintances who want to buy on credit, but have no acquaintance with dealers in the things they want. They buy their goods, and pay him in installments or spot down at a certain time. The man entering into this business must of course know the men he is trusting, but having a large circle of acquaintances he can easily determine whom of them he can trust, and can get enough regular and reliable customers to make him a good business. A man in one of the departments or in any business establishment where a great many persons are employed may work up a good business as a credit broker. The man whose card I hold here has gone regularly into the business as a credit broker. He has arrangements with some ten or fifteen reliable business houses, to which he sends his patrons and from which he gets a good commission on every sale upon his order. He makes from \$150 to \$250 per month out of the business and very seldom makes a bad debt."—Washington Star.

Smart Weed as a Medicine.
 Baby's little frame grew pitifully wasted and we were feeling exceedingly anxious for her, when an old nurse sent us a big bagful of dried smart weed. It was in the dead of winter—with minute instructions how to prepare it and the hopeful assurance that it certainly would help baby.

We implicitly followed her directions, putting a handful of the smart weed, each morning, into a pint dipper, covering the herb with cold water and then slowly steeping an hour or more, carefully straining.
 We made tea with a very sweet with sugar and then simmered until it reached its bulk of sweet cream skimmed from the latest setting of milk.
 Baby was fed four or five teaspoonfuls of this tea every three hours, before nursing, and it seemed to soothe and heal the irritated bowel for she soon commenced getting well.—Cor. Ladies' Home Journal.

A Wealthy Woman.
 Mrs. Robert Goslet is not yet thirty years of age. She has a cottage in Newport worth \$250,000 and an income of \$182,500 a year, or \$500 a day. Her father is George Henry Warren, the wealthy financier, from whom she learned how to keep her account book balanced. Mrs. Goslet is exceedingly pretty. She has bright yellow hair, a fair complexion, violet eyes, and her manners are those of a patrician lady. Her little son and daughter are beautiful as dolls and her constant companions through the day. She thinks nothing of asking a caller to excuse her when a doll's dress or a paper kite is in process of construction.—New York World.

Face and Figure.
 "See this clock, James?"
 "Yes; for a thousand, eh?"
 "Exactly; only I refer to the watchwork on it."
 "Oh! I admire its face less than its figure!"—Chicago Ledger.

The Result.
 "I have a fearful cold."
 "How did you catch it?"
 "Well, I bought my little girl one of those 'talking dolls' whose conversation is limited to 'May I have a little lullaby.' That was a week ago, yesterday morning I was so drowsy I took off my wooden trolley and said 'Oh, it's the result!'—West Virginian.

FIGHTING OVER DONKEY BONES.

An Incident of Stanley's Terrible March Through the African Forest.
 Ah, it was a sad sight, most sadly sad, to see so many men struggling so blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bowed wither now knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hall of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crest of spurs zigzagging from northeast to northwest, and descending to a bowl like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

During our mid day halt, one Umar, having seen some magnificent and ripe fruit at the top of a tree sixty feet high, essayed to climb it, but, on gaining that height, a branch or his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umar was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, anemias and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatrical glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and anemias every day since June 25 were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore, to end his misery, I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to dole discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the bones were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it.—Henry M. Stanley in Scribner's.

Collecting and Trading Stamps.
 Dealers in stamp issuing countries make a business of collecting and trading in stamps of local manufacture. With them I am in communication, and from them I got many stamps that have ceased to be printed. May be I send \$100 worth of United States stamps in exchange for \$100 worth of Russian stamps, thus reducing the transaction to a basis of simple swap. Another thing dealers do is to 'exchange' in the stamp periodicals that they will pay good prices for collections, which are being continually sold out by amateurs tired of the amusement.

Also they buy large quantities of waste paper from the great business houses that have much foreign correspondence, and by looking the stuff over they secure stamps. Or they pay so much to professional buyers of old paper for the privilege of looking over their stock. Whenever a great collection is sold they try to be present and bid in what they want. At such sales, where a single booklet of stamps will sometimes bring a considerable fortune, the rare specimens are catalogued singly—catalogues are sent to dealers and known collectors in advance—while the ordinary stamps are disposed of in lots, named as so many of this country or that. Such are the ways in which dealers get their stamps.—Interview in Washington Star.

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